THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 30, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1096.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND.

Red of the misery tone, I fear would see thee,
Again cited thy brothers of the city!
Low in the dust of oppressor's chain hath bound thee,
But crushed and wounded, thou canst never die!

Freed—on's own child, who dreams that thou canst perish!
While one true son of Poland clasps a sword!
Thou may'st crouch, but ne'er thy flame can perish
Till thy departed glory be restored.

Come for a season, hide thy glistening pinions,
Weigh down with weight of pride and lowly misery!
Its goddess smiles on thee—but spare the minion
Whose knee, or bone submission, saves the dust!

Poland! the flame, the deeds of martial glory
Shall, in the ark of freedom, long preside:
We love thy name, and hail thy future story,
Those are our prayers whatever the beside.

Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO."

"To some in such a manner wise,
Which to the world seem'd madness."
And play to them that feel it not."—*Lamb*

CHAPTER V.

"——" He seemed
For dignity composed and high exploit
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna."—*Paradise Lost.*

We left Colonel Harcourt and his niece immediately after the return of the party of dragoons which had pursued Ernest. A half hour had elapsed, and during that time the scene was further enlivened by the approach of a still larger body of horse, headed by an officer whose face struck Colonel Harcourt as not unfamiliar. His announcement of his guest's name removed every shadow of doubt from Colonel Harcourt's mind, and he greeted the young officer heartily as Captain Stanley, the son of a favorite old companion in arms.

"Where is Colonel Harcourt, for whom I have heard my father so often speak—" exclaimed the stranger in reply. "Ah! this is indeed a happy meeting. Little did I think that I should ever have the honor to shake by the hand one to whom I was indebted for his first lessons in arms. I need not ask about the loyalty of so gallant an officer: notwithstanding the many years that I have been [illegible] but restoring the look of anguish which shot over the face of the father at these words, though the expression faded even more rapidly than it came, "I am delighted—" However, I seek no explanation. If the king had more such servants as you, our duty or, this rebellion would soon expire in blood."

"Stay no more—" said the old man with dignity, every shade of anguish now gone from his face. "I will not hide from you that the fugitive was my son, but since he has turned traitor to his monarch he is no more my child. He must meet what he has brought on himself."

"Nay—" began Stanley.

"Excuse me," said the parent, interrupting him, "we will change the subject," and a shadow once more crossed over his face. The guest saw that it would not do to press the matter further, and so led the conversation adroitly into other channels. The two officers were now engaged in an interesting *tête-a-tête*, which remained uninterrupted till the evening meal was almost prepared, when Edith, recovered from her late agitation, and looking more lovely than ever, entered the room. At the sight of so beautiful an apparition, Captain Stanley rose and bowed, and speedily detaching himself from his host, established his chair by the side of Edith. Nor did he fail to interest her, difficult as the task was, in the subject of which he had lately been more so fascinating as Captain Stanley. A modish, wit, sentiment and poetry were made to contribute to his hearer's entertainment, and the whole was spoken with that air of refinement, that easy indescribable grace which is always characteristic of one who has mingled in the circles of polished and fashionable society. The bad one of those low, nonsical voices: and his whole demeanor was strongly in contrast with the rough manners and of the highest order. Altogether he was a companion such as Edith had rarely met with, and she still with which he addressed her contributed in no small degree of mind, soon drew her into an animated conversation which was protracted to the usual hour of retirement. If he set Harcourt down as not unfamiliar, Edith, on hearing the ord was about divided brother from brother, and now enlivening the evening with gay sallies of the court of St. James, even the veterans, used as he had been to society, thought that he had never listened to a companion so entertaining. Yet notwithstanding all, Edith felt sad at heart, and could not help occasionally a repelled confidence, and she found herself more than once accusing herself of ingratitude to a companion that appeared as unjust as it was unaccountable. Still she could not divest herself of this feeling. Were not the old negro right, when they said that there was something with those who are to influence our fate, we experience an admiration or antipathy, just as they are to be our good or evil genius?

Stanley's was a character often met with in the stirring sphere of courts, where the high finish of facilities produces extreme hearts of the most opposite description. He early life he had been placed in the army, and left wholly to his own guidance, with talents and opportunities to make him distinguished, and high connexions to tempt him constantly to evil. He grew up dissolute, selfish and unprincipled, without one redeeming feature in his character. In his conduct to inferiors he was considered by no principal business or divine. For female virtue he had no more respect than his fellow libertines in the fashionable French school of morality, and in his successor sphere he evinced all the licentiousness of the infamous Duke of Orleans or that royal voluptuary Louis the Fifteenth. With a handsome appearance, and manners the most fascinating, Stanley had been enabled more than once to [illegible] with success; and indeed on no point was his vanity more conceptible than in regard to his power over the sex. He was a thorough believer in the maxim that chivalrous courtesy which belonged to the Bayards of his age. Thus he had two characters, a real and a fictitious one, and so intimately were the two blended, so judged ability more perceptible than in the ease with which he assumed the false character, and maintained it consistently down to the virtuous [illegible] of Colonel Harcourt, whom few men could have deceived, regarded his young guest as possessing not only the high finish of a gentleman of the day, but the [illegible] certain principle which the old loyalist deemed even more important.

The hour was late when the little group separated for the evening. Stanley retired to his allotted chamber, and, as his mind reverted to the events of the day, and of valet, he said to this individual, who made it his business to pander to all his master's vices and who was a fit stimulant on such an occasion—

"A rare beauty, John, I have found here in these woods. By Jove! one would never have thought of seeking for a mistress in a place like this!" and as the servant looked up with an air of importance, the master continued—"You have been at your business, I see, you knave—what have you picked up?"

The servant then proceeded to relate what he had learned in the kitchen respecting the family history for the last two years. He concluded by saying,

"So, your honor see, the niece will get all the money, she was being disinherited. A pretty pet it is, too, they tell me in the hall."

"I know that," said Stanley, "I have often heard my father speak of Colonel Harcourt as a very wealthy man, and but these interior from an earldom. I, faith, his niece will be a prize," he continued, and then fell into a reverie. After several minutes of silence he looked up and said,

"By George, what a sensation she would create in London! I'm in love with the angel, John!"

"So your honor says of them all," quietly responded the valet.

"But I'm serious now. Besides, funds have got decedly low, and I must replenish somehow. If I could get this old fellow's estate, I wouldn't mind taking it encumbered with the niece. The son's out of the way entirely."

"But they say below that the young fellow have a sort of affection for each other, and I heard something of an engagement, though it appears the Colonel knows nothing of it, and thinks the girl can only remain at home."

"Pshaw! those are straws, you villain, and you know it. No woman ever yet could resist a certain Captain Stanley, if he determined to win her love. Bah! it's a game I delight in. But the hour wears, and I must look courteous, and dignified to the old man; and for the niece I must sympathize now and then with those rebels, and pay her whatever attention I shall find her character and circumstances may require," and with these words he dismissed his servant for the night.

The next morning, no one would have discovered, in the graceful and refined officer who paid the compliments of the day to Edith, the same individual who had been closeted the evening before with his valet into the most vile. The conversation, at the breakfast table, ranged over a great variety of subjects,—but was principally shared between Colonel Harcourt and his host. Edith looked on and was silent, notwithstanding Stanley exerted his utmost skill to draw her out from her reserve. She knew that a battle was at hand, in which Ernest perhaps might fall. Besides the malediction of her uncle which had placed impassable barrier between her and Ernest, yet rung in her ears; and though she was resolved to follow the course which her duty pointed out, yet the sacrifice of her dearest affections, was not made without a struggle. Unwilling that her uncle should divine her sorrow, she had borne up on the preceding evening, but when she retired to her chamber, gave free vent to her tears. All night she had wept and prayed alternately. She felt indeed that for her the spring of life was broken—and that henceforth existence would be a dark and dreary waste. Towards morning, exhausted nature had asserted her claims, and the poor girl fell into a heavy, broken sleep, which, however, yielded her little relief. No wonder, therefore, that she appeared at the breakfast table pale and dejected. Stanley saw the change, and his quick eye looks to her temporary distress on the preceding day. Even if he had known the full extent of Edith's sufferings, he was in a perverse position. It was absolutely necessary that he should be overlooking what he deemed the treason of Ernest. God knows! this is indeed a new character, and the poor girl fell into a burst of tears. "However, I seek no explanation. If the king had more such servants as you, my dear sir, this rebellion would soon expire in blood."

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CHAPTER VI.

"Jago.—I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.
Othello.—Not a jot, not a jot."

We shall not follow the evolutions of the hostile armies during the fortnight that elapsed between the Battle of Brandywine, and the entrance of Sir William Howe into Philadelphia. It is sufficient for our purpose to say, that neither Congress, nor Washington, considered that battle decisive, and it was resolved to risk another blow for the safety of the Capital. Accordingly the army was marched from Chester, through Darby, and by the Schuylkill bridge, to the only position near the falls of that river. The National Legislature passed vigorous resolutions for reinforcing the army, and the troops continued to flock in from every quarter as rapidly as possible, the defences of the Delaware. After repassing for a day, the American force was again put in motion, and pushed forward on the Lancaster road to gain the left wing of the enemy, with the intention of giving him battle. At first, however, Washington reached the Warren tavern, twenty-three miles from Philadelphia, his scouts brought in intelligence that Howe was approaching in force, and though a general engagement was impossible, the attempt to occupy the ground he had originally contemplated, the American commander resolved to risk a skirmish. Accordingly the troops destined to that service were selected, and there was some meet-skirmishing going on when a heavy storm set in, effectually preventing the combatants from any other [illegible] than putting an end to the contest. The rain fell in torrents, the wind blew fiercely and incessantly, the gullies ran with torrents of water, and the night was as dark and dreary as to be almost impossible. This interference of nature prevented the resumption of the contest. It was soon found, moreover, that the enemy had also hastily secured, and the cartridges from the scene being equally unfortunately conducted, had been rendered unfit for use, and under these circumstances a retreat was ordered, which was kept up all day, and most of the night, the cold, biting rain continuing without intermission. When at length the army reached the Yellow Springs, wet, disjointed and worn out, it was found that scarcely a musket in a regiment was fit for use. Had the troops gained the retiring pursuit, the whole army must have fallen a prey to the royal general. But that Providence who presides over the destinies of nations, and who had the children of Israel with a cloud by day, and fire by night, did not desert Washington in this extremity, but suffered his retreat to pass unobserved and unmolested.

The discovery of the want of ammunition induced the commander-in-chief to retreat to French Creek, during which past a series of evolutions took place that resulted in the crossing of the Schuylkill by the British, below the Chester position. It was about the middle of September, exactly a month and a day after having left the banks of the Brandywine, that the army entered Philadelphia as conquerors, filling the patriotic inhabitants with gloom, and producing a correspondent exhilaration in the breast of those who were loyal to England.

During these transactions Stanley, though occupied often in the field, did not forget the project he had formed respecting Edith's fortune. He had, notwithstanding his mercenary feelings, while her beauty had produced an effect on him such as he thought impossible. It was not the mere admiration of the moment, because that soon sought sweeter entertainment—which he experienced for Edith. The passion that had taken possession of his bosom was of the deepest character, and might rather be called infatuation of his baser nature. He seized every occasion, when he could leave by no means, to visit the house, and remained in the open country, to visit her, under pretence of renewing with Col. Harcourt the old family intimacy. With the uncle he was always welcome, and finally a tattered visitor. In what light Edith regarded him it was more difficult for him to discover. No one, however, could have played his part more closely than Stanley, and had not Edith already given her affections to another, it is possible that the graceful manners and insinuating address of the gallant officer might have won her heart. But her love for Ernest, though concealed with maiden modesty, and as yet wholly unobserved by the uncle, was deep and powerful, and Stanley, though essentially after his suspicions had been aroused by his valet, had not the slightest conception of the nature of his hostile. He had fastened himself, at first, that her preference for Ernest would soon yield before his arts, but, finding his progress slow, Stanley, with his usual perfection of art to which only he could have attained, relying on the shock she was to receive on retiring, had resolved to make one bold effort on the night of the 16th. The game, he thought, was in the happiest vein. Sallies of fancy flew about with champagne cooler, the professional narrators were as many as during one of O'Connell's speeches; and the hour had passed unheeded.

All things had been discussed, and all subjects exhausted, from Robert's last novel to Mrs. Trollope's amusing impertinences, (in addition to those of the host, the cousin and the cousin's sister one occasion fell on the subject of benevolence, connected with a charitable ball; a fancy-ball which was to collect together the flower of London society. Miss Fitz Harding was one of the lady patronesses of this great ball, which was to take place within a fortnight. Many sayings were uttered, some real foolish, on the subject of charity, of the poor, of dancing, philanthropy, and benevolence in calculation—that great invention of modern times. The host stood in Fitz Harding's eye as he spoke of the families of the destitute, who had no privy and no provision but the sunshine. Let me know of such families," said the fair philanthropist. "Of what value was opulence but to soothe distress? Because the sun warmed the earth, was the bad got rid of forty tickets. "She only wished she could dispose of a thousand." Everybody was pleased to hear this, and was a feeling which she had never known, but from pity to the unfortunate orphans, who she had to call her children—her family."

"Dear Emily," said the banker, "it is no sin, pleasure to her to save the wretched." to the end of the world."

"Ah! you flatter me," quoth Lady Emily, "I do it for your pleasure; for you are happy only when you are doing good."

At this moment, a servant entered, and announced to Fitz Harding that one wished to see him.

"At this hour?" said the banker angrily. "You know well, John, that I see no one while I am engaged at table."

The servant drew nearer to his master, and whispered, It is Mr. Hopkins."

At that name Fitz Harding rose, begged his guests to excuse him, and passed into his study.

A little time elapsed, and the banker reentered the banker. Beneath his arm he carried a huge bundle of papers.

"Excuse me if I disturb you," said he, "but I have not yet dined: I have made fifteen concerns to-day. I'm in the mood, I beg of you, to be engaged. Have you at length brought me some money? Shall I obtain my rights from those rascally debtors?"

"I fear not sir, at least unless you proceed to extremities—the sale of their goods, or capture of their bodies. But your sensibility—"

"I know very well, sir, that there is no such thing in matters of business. Besides, I have not had occasion for your agency but because I had to deal with dishonest persons, who are able to pay."

"They say not."

"So you have got nothing! Nothing from Mrs. Higgins the milliner? She has owed me eighteen pounds for this year past."

"Nothing."

"What is the state of the affair?"

"We have got judgment and execution; the sale is for Wednesday, but I refused to set you before twenty-

"The sale must proceed."

"Why so? Some months' forbearance. She is wholly without property, and will be compelled to abandon her business. Her husband, who held a small situation in the bank, is dead of cholera: and she is left destitute, with three young children."

"Oh! she says her husband is dead of cholera! I can ascertain that, through my wife, who is a member of the committee of relief for the cholera."

"Very well, sir."

"And that young rogue, M'Farlane—he who reads lectures to the Mechanics' Institute—has he yet united his pecuniary affairs?"

"Alas! sir, the purse must be but poorly furnished, if I may judge by appearances."

"Nevertheless, he must pay the forty pounds."

"Forty pounds! My good sir, the debt is now sixty-five pounds thirteen shillings, including interest and cost. The poor young man will never be able to pay."

"He must, however. I don't understand being trifled with thus. Besides, Mr. M'Farlane is a rascal."

"He had one; a sensation of eighty pounds a year in the capital—besides—"

"What! he has it no longer?"

"I am ordered not to extend his salary, and he has consequently been deprived of his office."

"So I have got rid of another pensioner!" cried the banker. "Mr. Hopkins, you will proceed on this matter with the utmost rigor. I know that M'Farlane has resources—he has talents."

"Unproductive talents."

"I cannot help that. They who have unproductive talents should not incur debts. Mr. Hopkins, you will proceed."

"Everything has been done; there remains nothing but the seizure."

"That you will make then."

"To-English-like."

"No! To-sell."

"To-morrow—not much more than ten pounds."

"Mr. Hopkins, I have desire to fulfil. In this matter I act not for myself alone. M'Farlane is debited to the heirs of my father-in-law. It is affected no other than my wife I would—you know one can sufficiently be conscious of that. But this debt interests equally my brother-in-law, the Earl of Birchdale, and my wife's father, the wife of General Hastings-Ross. You will proceed."

"As you desire, sir."

"You know well, Mr. Hopkins," added the banker, as he let out the office, "that I am a man of business. I have waited long for these debts; but there is an end to all things. Besides, I ought to be considered, for the heirs of my father-in-law. If I

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SISMONDI.

Another of the great lights which rose in Europe during the last century, has just set. John Charles Leonard de Simonde, one of the most celebrated historians and political economists of the age, died at his native city, and near Geneva, on the twenty-fifth of June, aged sixty-nine years. Sismondi's family were originally of Pisa, but had been for some time settled in Switzerland. His father, an old member of the Genevan Government, retired to England in consequence of the invasion of Canton during the year 1792, and on his return, two years afterward, was sentenced, with his son, to a heavy fine and a year's imprisonment. On the expiration of this sentence, Sismondi the younger, went into Tuscany, where he was subjected to new persecutions. The French first threw him into prison as an accomplice of the Girondists, and on his succeeding in the meanwhile been annexed to France, the Italians were ordered to leave Florence. In the autumn of the year 1800 he returned to Geneva, and published his first work *Tableau de l' Agriculture Toscane*, which was followed in rapid succession by many important publications, particularly, in 1803, by the treatise in two octave volumes, entitled, *De la Richesse Commerciale*. His studies were not confined to history, economy and the sciences connected with them. He explored every department of elegant learning; his extensive knowledge of the literature of foreign nations enabled him to form a criticism and poetry of Germany, had a tendency to elevate his views above the narrow conventional rules which should circumscribe men's minds and fetter their genius. His work entitled *De la Literature du Midi de l' Europe*—which in part was translated into English, and published in London, in two volumes—first made a new era in literature. It contains the two greatest historical works are *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age*, in sixteen octavo volumes, and the History of the High School, eleven volumes. His other most important works are, New Principles of Political Economy, in two volumes; Julia Severa, a historical romance, illustrating the condition of Gaul at the time of the invasion of Clovis, near the close of the fifth century; History of the Italian Republics, being a View of the Rise and Fall of Italian Freedom, in two volumes; and *Des Espérances et des Besoins de l' Italie*, published in 1839. He was also a constant contributor to the *Revue Encyclopédique* until its adoption of the Saint Simonian principles, and he wrote most of the articles of importance in historical geography in the *Biographie Universelle*. In his political character he was an aristocratic republican. He was apparently opposed to the imperial government of Napoleon, returned to France from Elba, when he gave to the world an eulogium on the French Constitution, and addressed to the French Nation a warm appeal in behalf of the Emperor. As a historian, he ranked among the first who have ever written. His writings are remarkable for scrupulous exactness, are replete with instruction in regard to facts, and in their pictures of social changes, bursts of his soul as a human being, and his sympathy, have been highly esteemed by all men of learning and judgment. For the last four or five years, the venerable author has lived in retirement, and, unfortunately respected, by his companions for his virtues, and by the world for his acquirements and genius.

OUR MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

The kindly feelings which pervade the English nation toward this country were manifested on the occasion of the union of the late meeting of the British Association of Science, at Manchester, in the honors bestowed on our distinguished fellow citizen, Prof. Bache, of the Coast Survey. Society numbers among its members the principal scientific and literary men of the world, and we regard the cordial recognition of good feeling between the nations indicated in its reception of Mr. Everett, as the highest compliment which could have been paid to him. Mr. Egerton presided at the Society's dinner, and among the guests were Sigmor Paul Fontani, of Milan; the Hon. and Very Rev. Dr. Harcourt, Dean of York; Dr. Lee, the Marquis Scati, of Genoa; H. Hallam, F.R.S.; the Rev. Wm. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S., R. I. Murchison, F.R.S., Pres. R.G.S.; Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, Secretary Plenipotentiary from the United States; the Marquis of Northampton, Pres. R.S., F.S.A.; Professor Owen, of Kensington, the new Superintendent of the Premises of the Museum of Mercy, and of the Prussian order of the Red Eagle; Sir Roderick Murchison, F.R.S., the Wiliam Jardine, F.R.S., baronetcy royal of Ireland; Rev. Professor Sedwick, F.R.S.; Sir David Brewster, K.C.H. LL.D. F.R.S. M., Crosse, F.R.S.; Sir Will. in Jardine, F.R.S.; Sir Henry Rolle, F.R.S.; His Excellency M. Bodisco, of Petersburg; Professor Brackman, of Moscow; Count Kayserling, of the Petersburg; Chevalier Bunsen, of Germany; Rev. Dr. Shepherd; Charles Lemon, F.R.S., &c.; Sir Henry T. de la Beche, F.R.S., the Rev. Dr. Buckland, Dr. Daubeny, F.R.S., the Baron Humboldt, Professor Graham; Dr. Roget, Secretary Royal Society, &c. Lord Francis Egerton, after the usual routine of toasts, proposed the health of the guest of the evening, who, on present there was one whom, although he came from a far country, from another hemisphere, and of a race separated from us by the ocean, he would not call a stranger—he was not by nor any of his countrymen he so considered. They all spoke the same language, they had a common origin, and the same Anglo-Saxon blood flowed in the veins of both. It was only necessary to go from the Exchange of London or Manchester to the quays and docks of Liverpool, for any man to be convinced that no mission could be at once more honorable or more welcome to the feelings of the country and concurring, if he may, friendly relations between two such countries as the United States of America and England, which was the distinguished individual now the mission of the distinguished individual near him, t this country. The high reputation of his honorable friend had preceded him, and he felt sure that every man present would consider she could not have had a higher compliment paid him than the selection of Boston to sending Mr. Everett as her representative. The health of his Excellency was then drunk by the company standing, with the usual enthusiasm of such a toast. Rising to reply, was received with great cheering. We extract from the report of what he said, as follows:

He said that he should be sorry to see that man if he did not feel considerable embarrassment at the manner in which the kind reception of his name had been received by the conviction that it was meant to reach far beyond himself—across the Atlantic—and that it was meant for the people whom he had the honor to represent. (Cheers.) He accepted all their kindness in the spirit of friendship in which it was paid to him. He could not extend such a welcome as the present, he felt indeed that he was not a stranger among them. In crossing the wide ocean that separated his country from theirs, he had not left behind him all the associations of the old home and the charities of hospitality at the hands of their countrymen. (Cheers.) He could not forget the relations to the relations between colonies and mother countries whether founded upon conquest or colonization. Egypt, Greece, and Rome, had each had colonies, but there never had been founded a colony which had such relations between them as now existed between the United States of America and this country. (Cheers.) These relations were to be found in the mysterious bond of a common language, of a common origin, and a perfect conviction that they were destined to exert an influence for the full enlistment on each other, and to fulfil the highest ends to the order of Providence for the improvement and happiness of both.

Mr. Everett then adverted to the origin, progress, and vast extent of the cotton trade, which, dating no further back than 1784, expanded so rapidly and to so vast an extent as to have excited the admiration of the world, and the endless astonished on the great French Revolution, and to have actually sustained her enormous expenditures since. He added:

Republicans as they (the Americans) were, there was a much greater degree of respect for rank and title in England, politically speaking, than between any of the European governments, even between any two nations on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) There was a feeling here, that the Royalty, liberty was enshrined in the constitution; and if the pillars of their monarchy were based deep in the minds and the affections of the people, by which they were bounded by the limits of the Ocean. The Revolutionary American liberties rested upon trial by jury, habeas corpus, freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, and self government, tempered by submission to lawful authority. (Cheers.) His Excellency concluded by expressing a hope that he should feel in being instrumental in cementing the best understanding between England and the United States, and removing his real amid the cheers of the meeting.

In the same day, at a public meeting in Manchester, no address was elegant and otherwise presented to Mr. Everett on behalf of the "Merchants, Manufacturers, &c. of that city, in which they say they "gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of expressing the friendly sentiments they entertained towards the great country whose people and government" is represented by Mr. E. —speak of the strong ties of blood, language, interest, &c. which connect the countries—and remark that the last of the same kennels of the human family as the people of that land "where man is pursuing with unbounding vigor all that is great and noble"—that "much of what is cheering in the future progress of the world may depend on the career of two nations so intimately allied, and that a heavy responsibility is imposed on each, in working out its part of the all wise designs of Providence, in the advancement of the highest common interests of our race"—and that the best bond of both countries is he who promotes enduring amity between them. The address then refers to the condition of trade between the two countries—regrets that there exists any restrictions upon it—and expresses the conviction that "the doors of monopoly and exclusion in England, and that "are long, the abundant products" of the U. S. and "the various manufactures" of England," will be more completely interchanged;" that they are "most anxious that perpetual peace should exist between the two countries, founded on mutual respect and mutual benefits, and that wherever the flag of either may be unfurled, it may be hailed as the herald of amity, civilization, and religion. They express their sense of the value of the personal visit of the Minister, and that his mission may promote that friendship between the two countries, which is the emblem of God and the happiness of the people of the United Kingdom. Mr. E. made a happy reply, in which he fully reciprocated all the good feeling of the address. [Cheers.]

The relation between our two countries is indeed, sir, as you have described it, of a very peculiar character. No more so probably than has ever existed between two great states. I am gratified to believe that this relation is reciprocated to its full extent. On the part of England both; and that each may continue to be the case, most of every patriotic citizen of this country. (Cheers.) On those topics of the address, which relate to matters of controversy between England and the United States, the delicacy of my official position precludes me from any comment. Our two governments must by similar considerations in reference to the state of their negotiations, be interdumped." [that they are "most anxious that perpetual peace should exist between the two countries, founded on mutual respect and mutual benefits, and that wherever the flag of either may be unfurled, it may be hailed as the herald of amity, civilization, and religion. They express their sense of the value of the personal visit of the Minister, and that his mission may promote that friendship between the two countries, which is the emblem of God and the happiness of the people of the United Kingdom. Mr. E. made a happy reply, in which he fully reciprocated all the good feeling of the address. [Cheers.]

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Literary Intelligence, &c.

The copyright question is attracting much attention in England. We learn by a number of the London Chronicle, received by the *Acadia*, that a public meeting of authors and publishers was held early in July, at the Freemason's Tavern, for the purpose of calling their arms to prevent the increasing evil of foreign piracy of British literary work. It was fully attended, and among the gentlemen who took part in the proceedings, were Lord William Lennox, Sir Charles Morgan, James, the novelist, J. R. Buchingham, Spottiswoode, Bentley, Colburn, Grant, Dickinson, Bohnert, Chorley, Ashbridge, Simpson, and many others. The chairman, the well-known author, Mr. Longman, opened the business by simply stating the object of the meeting. Mr. James, in a very able and lucid speech, exposed the great injustice which literary piracy by foreigners inflicted on British authors and publishers. He instanced cases wherein works which cost them £1 11s. 6d., were sold in America for 3s. 6d., and wherein several thousand copies were published abroad, while only one thousand were put in circulation there. He concluded by moving a resolution stating that a right in property in literary productions ought to be recognized by all civilized nations, which was seconded by Lord William Lennox. The other gentlemen mentioned above made appropriate complimentary of foreign literary piracy, as detrimental to authors, publishers, and readers. It was ultimately resolved that the resolutions adopted should be forwarded to the proper departments of the Government, in order to induce Her Majesty's Government to take the subject into immediate attention, and to adopt means for bringing about such treaties with foreign powers as would enforce a mutual recognition of literary property.

☞ Mr. Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" is very favorably noticed in some of the London periodicals. Albany Fonblanque's "Examiner," the highest critical authority in England, confines anyone at the great number of our bards, and the amount of good verse which they have produced.

We must not imagine, however, we are bound to say," remarks the *Examiner*, "must not be expected in them by the name. That is a point given up to us, as the honest mental way, by even Mr. Griswold himself. But when he says there is poetry in writing from an imaginative reader would look for. It is quite surprising—the number of graceful and earnest exercises of the pen (Loud cheers.) Nothing that I can do, consistently with my duty as critic, shall be spared to avert such a calamity, of which, I am sure, we have no apprehension. It is my sorest desire that our two nations should continue to live in the closest bonds of mutual and mutual exertion to promote the arts of civilized life.

OBSERVATORIES.

One of the professors of Harvard College, we understand, has been several days in this city, examining the observatory preparatory to the erection of a new building on a small eminence, about three quarters of a mile west of Cambridge. At this time, the only occupant of the observatory, as well as the tower and dome erected by their use, are the only models of the kind which approach the same perfection of those in Europe, are loudly sung and artisans from various parts of the country have been led to the city to examine them. Hitherto the liberal patronage of the munificent astronomical science in the United States have been discreditable to the government and people. The only observatory of any value is that at Cambridge, of one at the Capitol; funds are in readiness to purchase instruments and erect a tower in Cambridge, and the Girard College, and the Observatory at Cincinnati, are the Girard College, and the Observatory at Cincinnati, are the only institutions of the kind in the country. These proceedings constitute a very good beginning.

☞ The letters of Cortes, we believe, were wholly or in part translated by the lamented Robert C. Sands, but never published. We learn from Langley's last Literary Gazette, that the translation of the Letters and Dispatches of the Conquerador to the Emperor Charles V. has been made by Mr. George Folsom, of New York, and is now in the press. We can present no more notable literary catches was written by Cortes soon after landing in Mexico, and published at Seville, in 1522. The others appear to be unknown, and will be valuable for the history of the events of the conquest, and are written in a style of the most pleasing and impressive. Cortes constantly speaks in the first person, unlike Cæsar, who in his commentaries used the third; and the details not only of occurrences, but of the motives that actuated the conqueror, and the reasons assigned for his various movements, are given by him in an official manner. The letters first appeared in Latin, in 1524, and from that time to 1778 they have been translated into various other European languages at different periods. English historians have consulted them frequently, especially Solomon, who has made large extracts from them in his History of Mexico, published in 1724. Humboldt, in his great work on Mexico, constantly cites the original, following the edition of Archbishop Lorenzana, published at the city of Mexico, in 1770. This is the edition which Mr. Folsom has used in making his version. They have never yet been published in the United States.

☞ The foreign reviews and magazines for July, are less interesting than usual, yet they contain some articles of much importance. The new number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, has an article entitled "The American Essay and the King of the French," in which Mr. Irving is treated with little ceremony. Mr. Charles Kendle Butler gives in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a lively sketch of a journey from Philadelphia to Georgia, which is by no means flattering to the people of any one route, or the line provided at the taverns. The same magazine publishes Longfellow's fine poem "Excelsior," in an article entitled "Literary Life in America." *Blackwood*, for the month, is learned and rather dull. Among its articles is one on Cuvier, one on India and Afghanistan, one on the condition of Greece, etc. The *Metropolitan* has recently become very poor, and the last number, like the preceding one, is filled with articles of no interest to different novels. The Dublin *University* is now next to the "leading magazine of the world," the *Blackwood*. The *July* and *August* numbers contain a novel entitled "Charles O'Malley"—the same chapters which, revised in advance of the publication in Europe, we gave to our readers a few story entitled "Card-Sharling, the Prince of Dressers," by Dr. Lever, and many other pleasant articles.

☞ Among the new societies founded in London is one under the patronage and presidency of Lord Francis Egerton, called the "Ellice Society," for the illustration of Anglo-Saxon history and literature. The object of the society is the publication of those Anglo-Saxon and other literary monuments, both civil and ecclesiastical, which are locked up in manuscript in the libraries of England, in Scotland; and at Dublin and Armagh, in the Irish language, and in many patronage from the crown; in addition to which, there has been erected, under the same patronage, an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, and a meteorological station at the Falkland Islands. There are beside some half dozen establishments upon various remote and widely separated dependencies of the empire of England, perhaps, in any other in the world. We have vast interests involved in Commerce, and this country is peculiarly called to watch the opening of them in every principal port along our coast. The expense attending the establishment of an observatory is generally overrated. A large telescope is not at all necessary. Several of the divided having been carried so far that small instruments are insufficient; but a building has to be furnished for those thousands that will go to answer all ordinary purposes. The duty of establishing observatories is clearly within the province of the Government, and in other countries has been performed and their existence to public appropriations. In the British Islands, there are observatories at the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford; at Edinburgh, at Glasgow, at Greenwich

Gems from the Poets.

PENCHANTS.

When come and Poet sings to muse,
About the moonlight and the dews,
The flowers and the fairies,
He's apt to think, he's apt to swear,
That every word is true,
Whether in prose and hymns;
They come here unbounden leave
For deeds who know, the leaders of roses;
That roses are fine enough for wishes,
To make the mean through all their classes;
That dreams are never as sweet as dreams;
That crying never loved consistency;
That Love belongs a cottage,
And sometimes grows poor and is content.

Yes! those dear dreams are all divine;
And those dear dreams have all been said
I like the dewiness of the sky,
I like the softness of the day,
I like the coolness of the breeze,
I like the smoking of the cracks,
I like the lowing of the kine,
I like the whispers of the poplars,
I like the lapping of the lake,
But chiefly when the dreams chime,
And ethic, in the month of flat.—
When every rackaway chimes his gun,
And poachers kill creatures but,
And stocks are pretty sure to rise,
And Parliament is a fine thing to face,
And curates say their clerestor grinds,
And d'en the chancellor, they say,
Does to it make the answer easy—
I wonder from my dreamy deal
To swear to the dullness!
I like the whispers of the leaves,
I like the whispers of the poplars,
I like the whispers of the lovers,
But chiefly when the dreams chime,
And ethic, in the month of flat.—
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From the Journals.

MY FIRST DUEL.

BY MORDECAI MANASSEH NOAH.

FROM "THE UNION."

I called a duel or two ago to see my old friend Colonel Webb, who, since I last saw him, had returned to his native Place, from his late excursion to the Brandywine. He looked well, quite well—his whiskers were as long and fierce as ever, with bow and there a few expressive snowy white hairs, and his spirits if any thing were more buoyant and exuberant, as he had accomplished a certain epistle and desirable object by the issue of the recent meeting. Out the other of his expectors that he had passed a pair of significant crutches. I thought of Sir John Falstaff.

"There's honor for you."

We talked over the affair in detail, with congratulations that it was not worse in its results, as it certainly might have been, if the spirit of temperance and the Colonel had both been the cook shots they were said to be in the olden days. Duelling at the present period of time has fallen into disrepute; it never led settle any point of morals, and sensible men shrewd it as incompatible with the spirit of the age; yet peculiar circumstances, as in the case of Webb and Marshall, drive men to the field of meetings, and it would be fortunate to all parties concerned, if the issue was equally favorable. It is much more agreeable to shake a man freely by the hand than to attend his funeral; and as to posthumous praises of courage, wisdom, honesty, &c. to speak ill of them, what they worth? who heed of such honors? as Shakespeare says,

"He that died last Wednesday."

It is said, that the quarrels of temperance is not satisfied with the result of the duel; he thinks that Webb ought to have been killed, and he is determined to have another shot at him. If Mr. Marshall is one of fight, he can gain his object at the head of the Allegheny Regiment in the Colonel country, or serve as aid to Ching Ling Chemen of Pekin, and he will have fighting enough for the appetite of any moderate man; but Col. Webb ought to be permitted hereafter to eat his woodcock and toast in peace, through accepted he enjoys the fruit of the tree, and he should not part with it to propitiate it by another meeting. As Hotch would say he has all the honors, but has lost the odd trick. Talking of duelling, I have always insisted that it is moral, legal, not physical courage which is the active agent in such matters, and whenever a man in such trying positions, and this was made manifest and strongly impressed upon my mind by my first duel. When a very young man, and in high party times, I found myself taking the lead in the Democratic ranks in the city of New York, and was impressed with the belief that a difference of political opinions, though warmly expressed and fiercely contested, did not necessarily impair that good personal feeling and intercourse which should exist between citizens and citizens, I was in hopes to make converts to my views, and opponents, in the most pacific manner; but I soon discovered my error, and was given distinctly to understand that he who ventures to bring about important political revolutions in the section of the Union, must be prepared to fight his way in the world; he who is ambitious to become a political leader, must exhibit courage as well as substantial than mere oratory.

He who would influence and control a party, must sustain his doctrines by meeting his opponents in the way that gentlemen settle their differences; he must be ready and be understood. This I possessed, was what is called Democracy; it was all new and fresh, and I was transitory to me, who came from a purely quarter of the Union, and who, therefore, could not be easy on the political plans and objects into operation at the mouth of the point. But so it was. Since I had in the field of duel like Roman did. So having offended a young spring of Federalism, by venturing respectfully to differ with him in relation to the war with England at a great public meeting, he gave me notice that he should call me out. I did not speculate on the subject, reasoned that explanations could readily be made, which would not fail to prove entirely satisfactory with respectable parties. So I proceeded to the City Library, and while expecting a visit agreeably back in a cool and unoccupied part of the major saloon, a handsome young gentleman of engaging appearance and home came up to me, and after two or three formal, yet graceful bows, placed in my hand a neatly folded note, with cards on visiting card. The note introduced me to Major Hamilton, since Gen. Hamilton and Governor of Jersey, to the gentleman who I had most unfortunately offended, by differing with him at the public meeting. It also gave information at the same time that Major Hamilton would make the necessary arrangements for the meeting, &c. On reading the note I sense and made several professional bows to the gentleman, found myself in the street, and very serious indeed. The affair was very serious to me, and I was not a little alarmed. We took our seats near each other, took the weather, of war, patients fate, two tools, cotton crops, and several agreeable subjects, for I was very anxious to make his acquaintance, until the Major in the most polite manner imaginable, called on me for the selection of his seconds, and the necessary of a reply to the note he had just received. Never as I was in such matters, as I was still aware that etiquette required a prompt reply, and I named him, that he should receive an answer at an early hour. I forthwith called the leaders of our party together, to consult and determine what was to be done in the premises. They were unanimously of opinion that I was right; that was not avoiding the responsibility; the honor of the democratic party required that I should fight; it was the duty of every democrat and no leader of a party of such high and patriotic pretensions, could refuse to meet his opponent. In truth, the honor of the party was so vitally concerned. As this was, therefore, a *terra fide* point of honor, upon the result of which, it was considered, depended the success of the party, the duel was arranged, and I was assured that I should give him a meeting, and a high noble functionary of great courage and discretion, was fixed upon as my second; and I announced the vote to the next polite message immediately accepting the invitation, and learning the preliminaries to be settled by the plenipotentiaries and high commissioners parties. Early in the afternoon a carriage drove to the door, containing two of my political friends, with a request to take a ride. Supposing it was intended to talk over matters, and prepared for consultation, we started, being accordingly prepared. I sprung in, and away we went as fast as two spirited grays could carry us. At the bottom of the carriage a case of pistols lay very comfortably, and my friends endeavored for the next seven years out of mine to fire at a mark, supposing that I was either out of practice, which was fearful, or that I was a good shot. We alighted in the centre of a field, and a card was passed to a tree, and the pistols loaded, and placed in my hand at a distance of ten paces. Nothing deterred, I raised my first pistol accurately and fired; but the ball "Bravo—capital—try again," said my friends; and I went on firing until the pistols, with all imaginable patience, shewn either ground. "You are a first rate shot," said one. "Poor devil, he will be killed," said the other, "there is no escape for him." "No standing such shots." "Fine," said I to my friends, "what kind of a person is this who I am to meet?" "A very clever fellow, of good principles, a gentleman of fortune and character, of a large and eminent family, highly esteemed and respected."

"And I am to kill him," said I to myself! Good heavens! what a position for me, and for whom! The son of aspect I endeavored to at rest; "that the honor of my party was implicated, and he must die." I could not understand the reasoning in the morality or the philosophy of this issue, but I was in the hands of my party, and of right honorable men, friends, and to it was to obey! I supposed to submit. The city was alive with the pistol shot—some were both the lions of the day. I had not the honor of knowing my brother foe, who I was to kill the next day; I was told that he had no ill will towards him, and if the honor of our respective parties had not been a question at issue, I felt confident that we both could have settled the difficulty over a bottle of much vide Madeira, in the most pacific manner imaginable. The Police, with a strict eye to their duty, took special care to inform all the sporting characters that the affair was to come off at the usual course at four o'clock, and all the gigs in town were engaged in witnessing the exhibition. The respectable and thoughtful is a pity for two such nice young fellows to run the risk of killing each other, but the spirit of the age, the spirit of the country, and both of us stood a chance of representing the dying Gladiator in the amusement of the audience in the Coliseum. Just at the very nick of time, when the period of negotiations had been nearly exhausted, my friend E. S. Thomas, then Editor of the City Gazette, believing that no good political results were to grow out of this duel, at a moment of great political excitement, when the country at war with a powerful foe, and political union, concord, and friendly feelings among citizens, called early in the morning, on Colonel Webb, communicated to him at the head of the Federal party, and submitted various considerations why this unfortunate affair should not go on. The Colonel felt as well as personal engagement which might grow out of it, and he immediately called on the high contracting powers together in Council, and ascertained that they were willing to settle the affair on honorable terms, and a deliberation of four hours, it was finally agreed that the affair should be amicably arranged, the explanations should be made, and the affair was honorably arranged, according to the most approved principles of duelling, and the most popular requirements of etiquette. I was perfectly satisfied with the result, had no desire to kill my antagonist, who, by the way, was a most excellent shot, and I was glad to be relieved from the dread, nor had I any wish to be killed my myself; but I was glad that honor was safe, and that I was not to be the result—that was not to be fight after all. Prosperity had harnessed the boys in the Buggy—whips, spurs, and driving horses, and a drop of hope in every Eye. After a very pleasant evening young fellows about each other, and as the affair is entirely settled, we returned to the town—and the Doctor was not called upon to prepare lint, probe stick, and plaster. The honest physician, however, was complied with strong sanguine prey readily engaged, and I, like a good sporting democrat, would rather eat than fight. This unworthy insinuation, which originated in the mind of some of the political fever, and in a few days afterwards I got into a newspaper controversy with a gentleman, I refer to the name of Crolie, and I received another little billet! Learn to mind my own business in the future, and to be her phrase of a knight of the Rose Course and Thimble Rig, I really did not know the *head of* the trotter, when my antagonist fell sick, and the affair, like the other, was honorably adjusted. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that these challenges I bloody conflicts, there was really in truth and in fact not the slightest danger, and I am willing to avow it. It was the fashion of that day to adjust all such disputes at the sword of the point. Public opinion since that time, together with the provisions of the law, have frowned upon these complicated affairs, and now resorts, duly observe and good principles, have erected barriers against duelling, which, according to the most approved principles of conflicting, and the most popular requirements of civilization, are entirely satisfied with the result. I have no desire to kill my antagonist, who, by the way, was a most excellent shot, and I was glad to be relieved from the dread;